

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,  
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

*Dut.* Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:  
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

*Mar.* Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,  
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:  
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my losse.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,  
And the beholders of this franticke play,  
Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,  
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

*Richard* yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,  
Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy soules,  
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand  
Infues his pittious and vnpietied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,  
To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:  
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,  
That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

*Qu.* O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,  
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse  
That bottel'd Spider, that soule bunch-back'd Toad.

*Mar.* I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:  
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,  
The presentation of but what I was;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;  
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:

A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;  
A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge

To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;

A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;

A Queene in least, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?

Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?

Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?

Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:

For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:

For she being feared of all, now fearing one:

For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time,

Hauiug no more but Thought of what thou wast.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not

Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,

From which, euene heere I slip my wearied head,

And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

*Qu.* O thou well skill'd in Curfes, stay a-while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Mar.* Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:

Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:

Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fowler then he is:

Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.

*Qu.* My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.  
*Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharpe,

And pierce like mine.

*Dut.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Qu.* Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,

Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,

Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

*Dut.* If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother

My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.

The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard, and his Train.*

*Rich.* Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

*Dut.* O she, that might haue intercepted thee

By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,

From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done.

*Qu.* Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne

Where't should be branded, if that right were right?

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,

And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.

Tell me thou Villaine-slaue, where are my Children?

*Dut.* Thou Toad, thou Toade,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?

*Qu.* Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

*Dut.* Where is kinde *Hastings*?

*Rich.* A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drumes:

Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women

Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

*Flourish.*

*Alarums.*  
Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,

Or with the clamorous report of Warre,

Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

*Dut.* Art thou my Sonne?

*Rich.* I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

*Dut.* Then patiently heare my impatience.

*Rich.* Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,

That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

*Dut.* O let me speake.

*Rich.* Do then, but Ile not heare.

*Dut.* I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

*Rich.* And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.

*Dut.* Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee

(God knowes) in torment, and in agony.

*Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Dut.* No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More milde, but yet more harmful; Kinde in hatred:

What comfortable houre canst thou name,

That euer grac'd me with thy company?

*Rich.* Faith none, but *Humphrey Hower*,

That call'd your Grace

To Breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

*Dut.* I prythee heare me speake.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* You speake too bitterly.

*Dut.* Heare me a word: I blow out your candle  
For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

*Rich.* So.

*Dut.* Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance

Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:

Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perishe,

And neuer more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,

Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more

Then all the complet Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduerser party fight,

And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory:

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame leues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

*Qu.* Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

*Rich.* Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

*Qu.* I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

*Rich.* You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

*Qu.* And must she dye for this? O let her liue,

And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,

Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed:

Throw ouer her the vail of Infamy,

So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

*Rich.* Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princeesse.

*Qu.* To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

*Rich.* Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

*Qu.* And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

*Rich.* Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite.

*Qu.* No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.

*Rich.* All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

*Qu.* True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

*Rich.* You speake as if that I had slaine my Cofins?

*Qu.* Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand fouer lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.

No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still vs of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling rest,

Rust all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

*Rich.* Madam, so thrise I in my enterprise

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

*Qu.* What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discovered, that can do me good.

*Rich.* Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady

*Qu.* Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

*Rich.* Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

*Qu.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

*Rich.* Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,

Will I withall indow a childe of thine:

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou suppos'st I haue done to thee.

*Qu.* Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

*Rich.* Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

*Qu.* My daughters Mother thinks it with her soule.

*Rich.* What do you thinke?

*Qu.* That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule

So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,

And from my hearts loue; I do thanke thee for it.

*Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

*Qu.* Well then, who dost ymeane shall be her King.

*Rich.* Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who else should bee?

*Qu.* What, thou?

*Rich.* Euen so: How thinke you of it?

*Qu.* How canst thou woo her?

*Rich.* That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?

*Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Qu.* Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,

A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingrate

*Edward* and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe:

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy Father, steep't in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreine

The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement moue her not to loue,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

*Rich.* You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

*Qu.* There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

*Rich.* Say that I did all this for loue of her.

*Qu.* Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee

Hauiug bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle.

*Rich.* Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:

Men shall deale vnadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-houres giues leysure to repent.

If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,

To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:

If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,

To quicken your encrease, I will beget

Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:

A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,

Then is the doting Title of a Mother;

They are as Children but one steppe below,